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Adams, Charles Francis

The wage earner and the
savings bank depositor...

[S.I.]

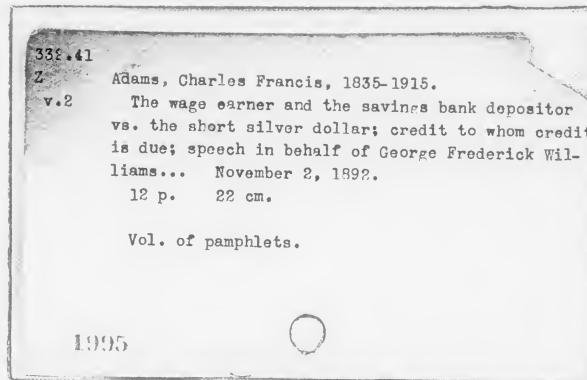
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The Wage Earner and the Savings Bank Depositor
vs.
The Short Silver Dollar.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE!

SPEECH OF

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

IN BEHALF OF

GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS

At Dedham, November 2, 1892.

I am not here to talk of myself, but I must ask you to pardon me while for a moment I explain why and wherefore I have come. I want, in other words, to define my position; and I want to define it for the very sufficient reason that, if I do not do so, what I have to say will lose a very considerable part of whatever weight it might otherwise carry.

I am not here as a Democrat. I do not belong to the Democratic party; I never have belonged to it; I think it extremely unlikely I ever shall belong to it. Neither am I here as a Republican. I was a Republican once; but that was twenty years ago. Under the same circumstances, I should be a Republican now; but circumstances are not the same. Between 1856 and 1870, there were, in my judgment, public ends of vital moment to be accomplished; ends which could only be accomplished through effective political organization; and, now and again, when this is the case, I hold it sound policy for all good citizens to waive the consideration of minor points of difference, and stand hard and fast by the absorbing issue of the hour until it is once for all disposed of. Under such circumstances and at such times I agree with John Sherman, who, I remember, once said to me that on large questions he went with his party as matter of principle, and on small questions as matter of policy.

Nor am I disposed to quarrel with this as a rule of guidance for a politician at all times; especially if that politician can, as John Sherman unquestionably can, lay claim to political leadership; but I am not a politician, and I utterly fail to see why, in times like the present, or like those which

have prevailed for the last twenty years, the private citizen should thus deprive himself of freedom of thought and action. After all, political parties are but agencies—a sort of clumsy machinery—for the accomplishment of certain public ends of greater or less moment; and those agencies work through men. During the last twenty years, as every one not a political partisan dyed in the wool—and to him, be he Republican or Democrat, I do not speak—every one not a bigot of party, will, I say, admit that during the last score of years politics have been very considerably mixed. It may well have seemed—it may well now seem—to any conscientious and thoughtful citizen, that the public ends, the accomplishment of which he has in view, could be more effectively brought about through the agencies sometimes of one party and sometimes of another; and again it might be that the action of individual public men appealed to him. I have never seen anything, and least of all within the last ten years, which leads me to believe that intelligence, singleness of purpose or the ability to accomplish results are attributes peculiar to any faction in the State.

It was my fate to attain my majority in 1856,—a time of great political excitement,—the eve of momentous events. During that year, and the twelve years which followed, the political furnace was at white heat,—the political cauldron on top of it bubbled fiercely and continuously. Indeed, during four of those twelve years it fairly bubbled over. Having passed through that fiery atmosphere, got, as it were, attempered to it, I must frankly say that I have been cooling off ever since. Country has seemed to me more and more; party, less and less. During those years I have seen each and every party wantonly, and time and again, sacrifice great public ends for supposed political exigencies; I have read meaningless empty platitudes dressed up to serve as campaign platforms without number, until I have come to exclaim, in the language of Shakespeare, “A plague on both your Houses!” So a score of years ago I reasserted my individual freedom and became an Independent; a citizen who thought more of country than of party, and among public men sought for statesmen and not political chess players.

That is why I am here to-night. I have come to say my single word in behalf of one man in this campaign. I know well enough that the Independent in politics is looked upon by some with curiosity; by others with derision; and by all good, zealous partisans with hatred and fear which they try to make others believe is pity and contempt. We of the fold are quite accustomed to that sort of thing. It seems, too, that the name Independent is not wholly new to our or to Massachusetts ears, and that in other and earlier days, when more commonly used than now, it was uttered with

much the same sentiments of derision and hate; but, history records, fear followed. Two hundred and fifty years ago, in the time of the English Commonwealth,—in the days of Puritan Massachusetts,—the Independents were just what the Independents are now,—they were men who held aloof from the organizations of the day, claiming for themselves the right of complete individual judgment. And they exercised it, too. A continually growing number of us claim the same right; and we also propose to exercise it. Distinctly, we do not intend to be driven out of it, or nicknamed out of it, or despised out of it. The pop-gun ridicule of feather-weight politicians has small terrors for us.

Occupying this position, for reasons which seem satisfactory to us, and which we have set forth in a public manifesto over some of our signatures, we Independents propose in the present election to vote for ex-President Cleveland. We propose to vote for him as individuals; but in a quite solid body. So much for the national ticket. Coming now to this particular Congressional district, those Independents who live in it propose to vote for Mr. George Fred Williams,—a Democrat. Residing in a neighboring district, I cannot have the privilege of voting for Mr. Williams; but, none the less, I greatly regret my legal incapacity to vote for him, and that for reasons which I have been invited here to state.

My memory covers with distinctness forty years of the political life of Massachusetts. I can recall the career and have personally known every prominent public man who during those forty years has gone from Massachusetts to represent the Commonwealth in any department of the national government. Weighing the words I use, and speaking upon full reflection, I do not hesitate to say that during those forty years no Massachusetts man has in the first session of his first Congress made in Washington the mark, or accomplished as considerable results, as Mr. Williams. I do not say that during those forty years larger men, men of greater force and capacity than Mr. Williams, have not been sent to Washington from Massachusetts; for some of those who have thus been sent were men of very considerable note; what I do say, and I challenge contradiction upon it, is that during the period in question no man in the first session of his first Congress made a mark so decided as Mr. Williams has made, or held forth such promise for the future. You all know the story. When Mr. Williams, on the very threshold of his Congressional life, bolted the caucus nomination for speaker, —committing the unpardonable act in the eyes of the conventional partisans, be he Democratic or Republican,—I agree I looked on with the grim approval of a confirmed Independent; but I thought to myself that Mr. Williams was a good deal in the position of that tender infant who on his

own tombstone set forth the plaintive inquiry, why, when he was so soon done for, he ever was begun for. On that occasion, I am for once happy to say, I reckoned without my host,—I did not know my man. The next I heard was that Mr. Williams,—apparently in ironic recognition of the grounds of his ineffectual bolt,—was appointed one of the small minority of honest money men upon Mr. Bland's committee on coinage. A more trying position for a young man in Congress for the first time was not easy to conceive. To the immense amusement of his Massachusetts colleagues on the Republican side of the House, the callow youth who had distinguished himself by bolting his party nominee for Speaker, on the free coinage of silver issue, was put by that Speaker on the coinage committee, much as a Hindoo infant might be thrown in front of the car of Juggernaut. It was confidently supposed, too, he had just about as much chance as the infant, of stopping the car. It was altogether very droll!

Well, the car rolled along in its appointed course. What that car and its appointed course meant to some here, and a good many here also, I propose, so far as I can forecast it, presently to tell you; but first to return to the car, its course, and the infant before it. The car rolled quietly and swiftly along, no one dreaming of any serious disturbance to its progress, until suddenly on the 10th of February, 1891 a shock, a jar, was felt. It was caused by Mr. Cleveland's letter of that day to the Cooper Union mass meeting. That letter was short; but very much to the point. No letter more creditable to the brain and political courage of the writer was, I make bold to say, ever penned by an American public man. In a voice which emitted no uncertain sound, the first Democrat in the land stamped with emphatic disapproval a gross financial heresy. Again there was a gasp of surprise heard from the ranks of the Independents. It was magnificent! but was it war? Once more it was to be made apparent that even in the game of politics there are strokes of unexpected mastery.

But the silver car of Juggerland rolled on all the same. It came at last, as you all know, to the body of the callow political infant thrown before it by Speaker Crisp. To use the carnal language of the unregenerate, it certainly looked as if it was all day with George Frederick Williams—he was clean gone up! From their seats on the other side of the chamber, his Republican colleagues looked on grinning and giggling in unconcealed delight. True! The Massachusetts man was making an uncommonly good and obstinate fight—he was showing a degree of pluck and persistence which had not been expected of him—but then look at that Democratic majority of seven score strong! He had n't any real show! The only chance of stopping the thing rested with the Senate. Fortunately there was a reliable Re-

publican majority there! As subsequent events showed there was—very "reliable," indeed!

But, as I have said, the Bland-Juggernaut car moved along, and the political infant from the Massachusetts district was now close in front of it. At last the final struggle came, and—lo and behold!—in some miraculous way the unexpected occurred—instead of being crushed by it, the infant fairly upset the car, and it tumbled helplessly into the Congressional way-side ditch.

I know very well that Mr. Williams did not accomplish this result by his own unaided force. I know that, to accomplish it, work,—quiet, solid work of the most effective sort, must have been put in by experienced hands. I would by no means seem to claim for Mr. Williams that which I am confident he would never claim for himself. But what I do claim for him is that, a young, wholly inexperienced member of Congress, suddenly placed in a most difficult position in the forefront of battle, he there proved equal to the occasion, and, by a brilliant display of courage and dash, inspired confidence in the hour of doubt, thus potently contributing to the wholly unexpected defeat of a most pernicious measure. And I repeat the assertion I made a few moments since,—I say once more that, as a legislative *tour-de-force* that performance of him who now asks endorsement and recognition at the hands of the voters of this district has not been equalled under at all similar circumstances in the last forty years of Massachusetts history.

But I must hurry along. I cannot stop to describe how once more the Senate, with its reliable Republican majority, Heaven save the mark! hauled Bland's wretched car out of the ditch into which it had been so unexpectedly tumbled, and got it again in triumphant motion on the Congressional track. It rolled majestically through the Senate, and once more showed its ugly, threatening face in the House. There was a good deal of alarm then felt, and not without cause, for politicians are tricky cattle, and it was well known the politicians were no friends of Mr. Cleveland, the nominee, but the people's nominee, of the Chicago convention. Under existing political conditions there was reason to think that the passage of the free coinage bill by a Democratic House, and its veto by a Republican President, would be clever moves on the campaign chess-board. Once more circumstances forced Mr. Williams to the front, and again he was equal to the occasion. But now on the faces of his colleagues upon the Republican side of the House there was no grin of delight; no giggle was heard over the surely anticipated discomfiture of the callow Williams. On the contrary, flushed with his previous victory, December's infant sprang into the

Congressional arena the athlete of June. Bland went helplessly down, and his car was again tumbled into the ditch, where at last he abandoned it. And it has been lying there ever since.

But this is all introductory matter. As voters, many, I hope most of you,—for it is to such I wish to address myself,—usually vote the Republican ticket. How does all this affect you? What interest have you in this free coinage of silver question? In what way, by thus materially contributing to the defeat of the Bland bill, has Mr. Williams defended your rights, put you under deep political obligation, and, irrespective of party affiliations, established a claim to support and vindication at your hands? It is these questions I am here to answer,—it is this I now propose to show; and I shall wholly fail of my object in coming to Dedham to-night if I do not make it clear to some of the voters of this Eleventh Congressional District, to the operatives in its mills, the depositors in its savings banks and those who depend for support on fixed salaries or small incomes,—I shall, I say, wholly fail of my object in coming here if I do not satisfy some of those of us placed that Mr. Williams, by defeating the free coinage of silver bill, aid so saving them from heavy pecuniary loss, placed them under heavy personal, as well as political obligation, and established his right to claim their votes.

In approaching this question let me once for all say that I belong to what is known as the capitalist class. That is, I have property; and, having a certain amount already, I am not unwilling to increase it. I have no sort of objection to acquiring all that I can honestly come by through the exercise of whatever shrewdness and foresight I may possess. I do not desire to pose before you as anything I am not,—and I am not what is termed, in the language of the economist, a wage-earner, nor have I a deposit in any savings bank. Having said this much, let me add that, as a capitalist,—a greedy capitalist, or even a “gold-bug,” if any one cares so to designate me,—I have been at no inconsiderable pains to think out, in so far as I could, what would be the effect of the free coinage of silver under the provisions of the Bland bill; who would profit by it; who would sustain loss from it; how profit might be made in consequence of it.

Now I think I am safe in saying that a general, popular opinion exists that this silver coinage question is one which affects only remotely, if at all, the wage-earner, the man of fixed salary or of small income,—that as an issue it mainly concerns the capitalist; and that, somehow, by limiting the coinage of silver the capitalist enhances the value of his possessions at the expense of the wage-earner and man of small means. The silver dollar is a cheap dollar; and it is popularly taken for granted a cheap dollar is a bad thing for the rich and a good thing for the poor.

But let us look into this for a moment; if you will do so, I fancy you will find the problem in no wise a difficult one; and, moreover, will see cause to revise some of your conclusions.

What, then, would have been the effect of the Bland bill had Mr. Williams and a few others not blocked its passage? It would simply have changed our basis of money values—the dollar would, for purposes of buying and selling, have represented a given weight of silver, instead of a given weight of gold intrinsically worth in round numbers half as much of silver again; in other words, silver being the standard, a silver dollar would be worth one hundred cents, while the gold dollar, disappearing from circulation just as it did during the war, would be worth a premium, possibly rising to 150 cents. The community would possess nothing more than it possessed before; it would merely measure the value of what it possessed by a silver foot-measure, in reality of eight inches, instead of by a gold foot-measure of twelve inches. It is a case, not of creation of new wealth, but of the redistribution of old wealth. Now the question is, not how this would effect the capitalist—he can pretty safely be left to take care of himself, in such a shuffle as this there is not much danger that the capitalist will get left—but, leaving the capitalist out of the question, how does this change of the measure of value, and consequent redistribution of wealth, affect the wage-earner and savings bank depositor, the salaried man and men of small income? Who loses and who makes?

One thing is quite clear, viz.: The man who is in debt makes, if his contract does not contain the word “gold,” and his debt, contracted in dollars worth 100 cents in gold, can presently be paid in dollars worth 66 cents in gold. It is the capitalist, the man of credit, who trades on borrowed money; it is he, not the wage-earner or man of small savings, who is in debt, and we are not considering him; but how about the wage-earner, and the bank depositor, and the man of fixed salary? The wage-earner will, as I see it, still receive his ten or fifteen dollars a week, only they will be 66-cent dollars instead of 100-cent dollars; the savings bank depositor, who has slowly accumulated a given sum, all of which he took to the counter of the bank in gold at 100 cents, will have it paid back to him over the same counter in silver at 100 cents, worth in gold 66 cents; and the salaried man or woman will receive the same salary of \$75 or \$100 or \$150 a month, but he or she will get it in 66-cent silver, instead of 100-cent gold dollars.

Now in this matter I cannot speak for Mr. Williams, for he does not belong to the capitalist class. Indeed I may say that outside of the district (I know nothing of the facts inside of it), outside of it, I say, it is quite commonly understood that this relative shortness of purse, as compared with

his opponent, is one of the principal disadvantages, if not altogether the principal disadvantage, under which Mr. Williams is laboring in his campaign. But if Mr. Williams does not belong to the capitalist class, Gen. Draper, the chairman of the Home Market Club, unquestionably does; and, that I do myself, I have already frankly told you. Therefore, on this matter, speaking as capitalists, what have Gen. Draper or I to fear in the outcome of any such currency shuffles as that I have described? We pay the wages and the salaries, we borrow the money in the savings bank; how in the name of common-sense are we going to lose if we pay those salaries and repay those loans in dollars worth 66 cents gold instead of dollars worth 100 cents gold. No! the simple, plain fact, God's fact, honesty's fact, is that in these currency shuffles it is the poor man who loses every time! It always has been so, it always will be so! To him who has is given; and from him who has not is taken away even that which he has!

Take, for instance, the accumulations in the savings banks. Here in Edham I see that in single institution they amounted two years ago to \$2,172,000, the slowly accumulated hoard of 5,800 depositors. The amount is probably much greater now. I do not know what those deposits may amount to in the other towns and institutions in this district, nor is it worth while to look it up. It doubtless runs in the aggregate into tens of millions. It is sufficient that every voter who hears or reads these words knows whether or no any part of that enormous fund belongs to him or his. To-day every dollar of that fund is worth 100 cents in gold. The tens of thousands of depositors could draw it out, and turn it into gold; and hoard it away in a safety vault. That it can be thus turned into gold these depositors owe in no small degree to Mr. Williams; for had the free coinage bill passed Congress last June, and, like its predecessor, only in degree less wrong and absurd, the four and a half million ounces a month silver purchase bill of 1890, received the signature of the President,—had this occurred, the depositor would have received his deposit back in silver dollars and the gold dollar would now be selling at a premium,—he would have been cheated out of the difference. Yet they talk of the poor man's dollar! I submit the savings bank depositor, at least, ought to know enough to prefer a dollar of 100 cents to one of 66 cents. If he deposits the first and draws out the last, I don't see exactly where his profit comes in.

But perhaps he hugs himself in the simple, though slightly childish, faith that the free coinage of silver would not bring about these results, and that somehow a silver dollar of the present weight and standard, if stamped at the United States mint, would be worth just as much as the present gold dollar,—the dollar he deposited in the savings bank. If any sane depositor

does indulge in this pleasure, but for him somewhat dangerous, delusion, it would be greatly for his interest to look a little further into the facts. He would then learn to his surprise that, as the result of the insane laws now in operation, there were in the vaults of the United States treasury on the 12th day of July last 357,000,000 of coined silver dollars which could not be forced into circulation, and, in addition to this, 2,700 tons of silver bullion, or enough, if coined, to make up the dollars in the Treasury to a round 460,000,000. Twenty millions of ounces more have since been added to this useless hoard, and they are further, under the provisions of the law I have already alluded to,—a law passed by a Republican Congress and signed by the present candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency,—they are, I say, under the provisions of this law, buying 140 tons more of silver each month, and adding them to the already appalling mass. I say one hundred and forty tons, not 4,500,000 ounces, for why talk of ounces when you come to amounts like these!

Not only would all this vast amount of 66-cent dollars come pouring from the mint under a free coinage bill, but all the silver produced in the country, or brought into the country, would be carried to the mint to be coined. At this very time two recently developed Colorado mines alone are producing, it is said, eight millions of ounces a year, and the cost of its production is said to be 25 cents an ounce. The government, by virtue of existing laws, is buying it all at about 70 cents an ounce. Under these circumstances, how utterly absurd it is to suppose that the mere act of putting a government stamp on a thing which costs 25 cents in gold to produce, will make that thing intrinsically worth 100 cents in gold. It would be exactly as rational to go to work and coin into dollars all the copper or iron in the country. Indeed, one hundred and eighty years ago, Charles the XIIth of Sweden did try that very experiment; for, when hard pressed financially by the cost of his wars, he coined iron dollars at the royal mint of Stockholm, and put them in circulation; they are bought as curiosities now, but I never heard that as money they were accounted a success. Certainly no one, until Mr. Bland and the American apostles of the silver craze came along, has ever since cared to repeat the experiment of the Swedish madman.

Whether so intended or not, therefore, the free coinage of silver must, under existing circumstances, produce certain results. My friend, Wayne McVeagh—and I am very glad to be able to call him my friend—in a speech delivered about two weeks since in Philadelphia, a speech which I wish I could not only put in the hands of every citizen of Massachusetts, but induce every citizen to read, a speech which I regard as the masterpiece of the campaign's literature—in this speech Mr. McVeagh states the case none too

strongly, when he says this free coinage legislation "by a law known in Athens in the days of Aristophanes, and of course known ever since, is as inevitably driving gold out of the country as the tide ebbs and flows, and it's a question only of a little time until we will be reduced to a silver currency worth last year 70 cents, worth this year 60 cents, and worth next year 50 cents on the dollar." You 5,800 depositors in the Dedham Savings Bank owe it, I tell you again, in a very appreciable degree to Mr. Williams that your \$2,000,000 of deposits have not to-day \$300,000 less purchasing value than they now have. What is true of the depositors here in Dedham is equally true of the depositors in every other institution of savings in every town of this district.

I do not, of course, mean to say that as a result of such a currency shuffle, and subsequent to it, wages and salaries would not gradually rise in silver until they again reached their old level in gold. Of course they would; but they would rise last and rise slowly. Everything else would go up first; and, as usual, the wage-earner and salaried man would find themselves lagging at the tail of the procession. Such always has been, such always will be, the order of march in that procession. As the result of every currency juggle, the wage-earner and salaried man gets left. But they, at least, are only temporarily left. The savings bank depositor is left for good and all. He gets his board back in 66-cent dollars; and he may make the most of them, for he will never get anything more.

This loss, direct money loss, Mr. Williams was last winter potent in averting. He did it by taking his political life in his hand and fighting a desperate battle against tremendous odds. Your battle! and it was a battle, too, which the Republican members from Massachusetts, one and all, in that and in the previous Congress did not have the pluck to fight, when they could have fought it under auspices infinitely more favorable. The record of those members on that subject has, I do not hesitate to say, been a far from creditable one. It is a record of paltering and cowardice. That is why I am here to-night. I want to utter the one word I have to utter in this campaign in behalf of the Massachusetts Congressman who, facing desperate odds, showed grit. I know, under such circumstances, I never should have dared to take such chances; and, whether you give them to him or not, I tell you now you owe Mr. Williams your votes.

But, of course, I shall be informed that the free coinage of silver is no issue here, and in this district,—that Gen. Draper is just as much opposed to free silver coinage as Mr. Williams, and can be depended upon equally to oppose it. Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for using so strong and coarse a expression, but I can't help it,—talk of that sort is unmitigated rot!—as

the boys say, it makes me tired! I do not propose to utter one word against Gen. Draper individually. I must say that I think it a proceeding of very questionable propriety for the president of the Home Market Club to go to Washington as a member of Congress, there to exert himself to get another Ossa of protective duties piled on the existing Pelion,—or perhaps I might better say a sort of little Mt. Draper tax super-imposed on the huge Mt. McKinley mass of taxation,—and all to increase the profits, already in no way inadequate, of those composing the association of which he is the efficient head. But were I to suggest such a point of propriety I should probably be met by the emphatic declaration that, in pursuing such a course, the president of the Home Market Club was actuated by the sole motive which ever stimulates the action of those composing that association—the desire, to wit, through a somewhat higher margin of profit, to put themselves in a position to be able to pay better wages to those they employ. Anticipating such a reply,—a familiar reply, and supposed to be a clincher!—I remember that I, too, as I have told you, am a capitalist; and so, with tongue in cheek, I grin and wink at my friends of the Home Market Club, and, in silence, pass on.

But, leaving out of consideration his direct personal interest in the tariff, I understand Gen. Draper belongs to a class of men of whom ever since I can remember I have regularly heard in connection with Congressional life,—sound men, as they are described, of business habits and knowledge,—not brilliant, it is conceded, but no theorists,—practical men, greatly needed in Washington,—and all that sort of thing! I have seen a regular procession of men thus described go into Congressional life, and presently come out of it; and, as a result, I am free to say that the little finger of Charles Sumner, whom no one ever pretended was a sound business man, outweighed in the scales of Congressional business performance the united avoirdupois of the whole lot of them. But, leaving generalities and coming down to the question of the relative fighting weight of Mr. Williams and Gen. Draper as an element to be reckoned with on the silver issue sure to present itself in the arena of the next Congress, it is very much like making a comparison for fistic purposes between our respected chairman here to-night and John L. Sullivan,—and John L. isn't the biggest man in the ring either! The suggestion is absurd. It is mere waste of time to discuss it.

So, also, of that other equally idle claim that the Democratic party is unsound on the silver question, and that effective opposition to it can be looked for only from the Republican organization. This is simply bare-faced, brazen impudence. The record shows that every single step in advance towards the silver abyss has been made under Republican auspices and during a Republican administration; while, during the one Democratic

administration of recent years the thing came to a dead halt. From the day, nearly fifteen years ago, when the Republican party in Congress refused to sustain its own President in his veto of the first fatal step in the direction of the silver swindle, down to the passage last summer of the free coinage bill by the Republican Senate after it had been shelved by the Democratic House,—from the first to the last struggle on this issue, the Republican party has been responsible for every inch of ground lost. And now, in the face of this record, they claim to be the only reliable opponents of the fraud. Again,—talk like this makes me tired!

Such are the facts in the case; and, thanks to that excellent innovation, the Australian ballot, you voters of the Eleventh Congressional District—wage earners, savings bank depositors, salaried men—you have got to face the issue, and make your choice. You can't any longer hide yourself behind a straight ticket. When, only a week hence, the time for voting comes, you have got to look down that list of names, pencil in hand, and exercise your judgment. The name of George Frederick Williams will be there; the name of William F. Draper will be there. You have got to choose between the two. You can, if you see fit, abdicate your individuality and say, "I am a party man. I vote for whoever the party drill-sergeant tells me to vote for. This is a thing into which my sense of public obligation and private interest does not enter. Point out the caucus nominee. I vote for him."

You can say this to yourself; but in saying it, you have got to ignore facts of the truth of which you are conscious; you have got bluntly to admit to yourself that you are a mere part of a political machine,—a pawn on the chess-board,—and not a thinking man. We Independents, I am happy to say, are not subjected to any such ordeal,—we enter the voting compartment with a ticket in one hand and a pencil in the other; and when, travelling down the long list of names, we see that of an existing member of Congress who, like Mr. Williams, comes back, not only having acted right and bravely, but who also is crowned with the laurel wreath of victory,—when, I say, we meet with such a one, it makes no difference whether he is Democrat or Republican, or who his opponents may be, the pencil goes down, and we vote for him every time.

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